

Surrender

questionably

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Summary:

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It was one thing daring you to go into The Well House alone, but it was another thing entirely to abandon you when a cop pulled up in front of the property to make sure there weren't any hoodlums TP'ing the building considering it was Halloween night...

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Author's Note:

My first Pennywise smut fic. Hope you enjoy!

(Reader is 18+)

Your friends were fucking assholes.

It was one thing daring you to go into The Well House alone, but it was another thing entirely to abandon you when a cop pulled up in front of the property to make sure there weren't any hoodlums TP'ing the building considering it was Halloween night.

The policeman got out of his car and turned on his flashlight, shining it over the front yard and walking the length of the sidewalk outside of the fence to make sure everything was in order.

You were crouched beneath a windowpane inside the house, trying not to think about how dark and musty it was, and you sat up just enough to peek through the dirty front window. The policeman was obviously making a point *not* to walk onto the property completely, and you rolled your eyes. *What a pussy.*

It wasn't until the cop car turned off of Neibolt street did you stand up, turning your phone's flashlight on and looking around the room.

It was silent, almost *too* silent, and you swallowed hard. You weren't a pussy, unlike the police officer. You had no fear. It was just an old, abandon house, probably housing a couple of crackheads every now and then depending on the time of year. Derry wasn't a large town and it was far too cold for anyone to hole up inside of the place, so you weren't worried about running into a walking AIDs infection.

You were just rounding the corner into what would've been the kitchen decades upon decades ago when you heard a skittering across the floorboards, heart beginning to beat faster as your light caught a glimpse of a slithering rat's tail.

A small smile formed on your face and you leaned back against the

wall, chuckling while catching your breath.

As you breathed deeply, a sweet sort of smell filled your senses, but it was also... sour. Like a caramel apple gone bad. You didn't have any time at all to figure out what it was before a large hand covered your mouth, a hot, sickly breath rushing over the side of your face from behind.

"Naughty, naughty thing, you are, trespassing on private property. *Tut tut.*"

There was a split second of confusion and you realized you hadn't leaned up against a wall at all. No, it was a large figure; something otherworldly, towering, and there was nothing you could do about it.

One of the foreign hands was still pressed over your mouth, the other wrapped tightly around your throat.

You couldn't move.

The hot breath at your ear moved to the back of your neck, and you cringed as you heard the thing behind you inhale sharply. Your heart was in your throat, your eyes wide with blood-curdling fear, a fear you had never experienced in your lifetime before this, and you whimpered as something wet, *too* wet, laved over your skin.

There was a little shimmy behind you, bells chiming happily, and the hand around your throat tightened.

"Tasty, tasty! Such a delectable fear you possess. A fear to be enjoyed slowly, *oh yes...*"

And then your vision whited out. Your phone dropped. You were unconscious.

You came to with a sharp pain in your left shoulder.

Confusion was the first thing you felt. *Where am I?*

It was darker and wetter. There was water running somewhere off in the distance, you determined, and the only light source there was was far up above. It looked like sunlight, but you couldn't be sure.

Blinking your eyes a few more times, you rolled your head to the side and winced at the twinge in your shoulder. It burned and as you reached up to see what was causing you pain, you found that there was dried blood there. It flaked off of your skin in large clumps, and as you felt out the bumps and ridges of the wound, you realized it was bitemarks.

Fuck.

Now you remembered. You remembered the large thing pressed up against you, the way it spoke to you as if you were something to be devoured. Your stomach gave a sick lurch.

It bit me.

The flight response was instantaneous. You felt a rush of adrenaline but as you sat up, fully prepared to run and run and run until you found yourself out of wherever you ended up, a large weight pushed you back down into the grimy ground, seemingly out of nowhere.

You couldn't believe what you were seeing. It was... It was a *clown*, a clown with white and red makeup, a large forehead, wild red hair and bright yellow eyes. It was not a circus clown, and the ruffled costume it was wearing was not modern at all. The thing's nose was painted on, not one of those cheap foam ones, and it's wicked smile stretched up, up, up past towards it's demonic eyes.

"Where does my sweet treat think they're going, hm?"

It was the same sing-song voice you remembered from before, but now that you were seeing where that voice was coming from, your fear only increased tenfold.

"Wh-What the fuck are you doing?! Let me go!"

You kicked your legs, trying to push the heavy *thing* off of your body, but it was no use. He was too big, too determined to keep you right where he wanted you. Tears began to well up in your eyes and you

used your hands to hit at his chest, and then shrill laughter filled your ears.

“Let you go? Let you go?!” the clown continued giggling, and you realized the wetness on your cheeks was not only from your own tears, but the monster’s *drool*. You gagged as it fell sloppily onto your cheeks, your chin, into your mouth, but it did not deter him in the slightest.

If anything, it encouraged him.

“Please...” you tried to beg. What for? You didn’t know. Deep down you knew it was futile, but you couldn’t just give up. Your friends were probably in the house looking for you, calling out your name.

But you weren’t in the abandoned house any longer. By the smells of it, you were down in the sewers, lost, unfindable. You began to sob and the clown grinned madly as he leaned down to lick up the saltiness of your tears, his hands finding your forearms and pinning them to the hard, wet ground. He moaned and pressed his body against yours more firmly, forcing your legs apart so he could settle between them.

“Mm, keep begging like that, my pet, and I might just keep you around a tad longer,” he whispered, voice almost a growl as he buried his face in your neck, tongue snaking out to lick at your wounded shoulder. “Such a meal, you are, but you could be so much more. Yes, *much* more, indeed.”

You wanted to thrash and fight and *kill* , but you couldn’t. You were at his mercy, entirely.

“Wh-Who are you?” you hiccuped.

Suddenly, the clown pulled back and sat up, keeping your arms pressed to the ground, his hips snug against your own. “Me? Oh, how very rude of me! I’m Pennywise. Pennywise the *dancing* clown!”

The way he said it was enough to make your skin crawl, but then he punctuated it with a sharp thrust of his hips. Your eyes widened again, and you felt a hardness begin to form against your groin. No.

No, no, no.

You wanted to throw up. This couldn't be happening. Hell, you almost wished you *were* dead just so you didn't have to feel the way your body responded to the friction, the flips low in your stomach, the beginnings of arousal.

"Please. Don't. Please, I won't tell anyone if you just--"

He cut you off with another thrust of his hips, this time circling them in a way that made you moan weakly. You didn't want this, you didn't! It wasn't your fault that it felt good. It... Oh god, it felt so good.

"If I just *what*? Let you go? No, my darling. I can't do that. I can't let such a delicious little thing like yourself get away from me. I fully intend to devour you, sweetie. I just..." he trailed off, wicked eyes crossing inhumanely as the costume he wore tore open at the middle, dozens of long, black, tentacle-like anomalies forcing their way past ripped fabric, wrapping around your body, your limbs, your throat, keeping you in place as his own gloved hands ripped at your shirt and then your pants. "...want to have a little fun. Don't you?"

And those last two words were sing-songed once more, accompanied by a devilish grin. Copious amounts of drool dripped onto your chest, cascading down the curves and drenching your nipples completely. You moaned again, this time more loudly, and you could *feel* the way it affected the monster above.

His body practically thrummed with pleasure and the hardness that you felt earlier was now pressed against your bare pussy. Your bare, *wet* pussy. You were pathetically wet, and you sobbed harder. You didn't want this but it felt good and he was offering to keep you alive if you went along with it.... Even if you *didn't* go along with it, you knew he'd take advantage anyway.

What was the point of fighting when it was going to happen regardless?

You were pulled out of your thoughts when the clown bent down and nosed at your throat, the ropelike tentacles there tightening and

loosening as if they had their own heartbeat. He breathed in deeply once more, and this time he laughed maniacally.

“What is that I smell?” he asked, sniffing you out like a wolf would prey. Whimpering, you closed your burning eyes and tilted your head back as much as you could, a silent surrender. “Oh. Oh, you *dirty* girl. You want this? You want Pennywise’s fat cock spearing your desperate hole wide open?”

The words sent a shock right through your body as if lightning had struck you. You cried out, trying your best to roll your hips up into his to seek out that delicious friction, but you couldn’t find it.

Pennywise had pulled back completely, spreading your legs even wider with his hands underneath the crooks of your knees, staring down at your most private parts. Wetness was seeping out of you and you flushed in shame. You risked a glance at the monster’s face, and what you saw...

You could only describe it as feral.

His eyes burned brighter; yellow, red-rimmed irises surrounding blown, pitch black pupils.

And then you looked down at his crotch, heart dropping when you saw the sheer size of his member. It was at least eight inches, if not more, and three-fingers thick. Your clit twitched at the sight.

“I--”

“Wanton little thing, aren’t you?” Pennywise growled, positioning his cock at your soaking entrance and just *barely* applying pressure. He was the epitome of controlled, even if the look in his eyes said otherwise.

He got off on teasing, you quickly found out, and you couldn’t help but pant as you tried to impale yourself onto his enticing prick. It felt like hours before he let the head of his member slide up between the folds of your pussy, skittering across your clit and making you gasp and arch off of the ground.

“Please!” you cried out, voice hoarse with need. You felt hot all over,

desperate, sweat pooling beneath the cool appendages wrapped all around your body. It was disgusting and lovely and all you wanted to do was fuck yourself onto that huge cock until you couldn't walk for days.

These thoughts seemed to somehow translate to Pennywise because before you knew it, you were being split wide open on the clown's dick. No warning, no heed, just animalistic fucking that had you making the most depraved sounds you didn't even think were possible.

"That's it. That's a good girl. Let Pennywise inside. I'll make you float!" he preened, the grip on your knees bruising as he thrust in and out of your swollen cunt. Barely half of his cock could fit, but with each thrust in, he went a bit further. Your fear doubled.

You could feel the intrusion to your deepest core, fucking against your cervix and spearing you right in half. If that wasn't enough, three tentacles slowly slid down your body, past your bellybutton, past your pubic bone, right to your pussy.

Two went to either side of your cunt, holding your lips wide open so your hard clit was on display. The third curled delicately around your clit and began to pulse like it had around your throat, just like a heartbeat.

Heat began to coil tightly in the pit of your stomach, goosebumps breaking out all along your arms, your legs, the back of your neck. You were close, so close to coming...

Pennywise cackled and thrust even harder into you, making half a dozen more tentacles hold your knees up and open while his hands went to your nipples, cotton-clad fingers twisting them painfully. Your screams were making your own ears ring.

"I'm gonna breed you up, nasty slut. Going to fill you to the brim with my hot, hot seed! Make you my little fuck toy, mark you and use you as I please!"

His voice had gone from shrill to demonic, his eyes rolling into the back of his head. You could feel him grow inside of you, the outline

of his cock visible right below your bellybutton. The tentacle working your clit redoubled its efforts and within seconds, you were stiffening, seizing around his cock as you came harder than you ever had before.

And then he started coming. You didn't think anything more could fit inside you, but the white hot gush of semen filled you up, up, up, bloating your belly painfully. It just kept going, getting bigger and bigger, and if he continued, you'd explode.

The thought alone made you pass out.

Pennywise pulled his softening cock out of your leaking pussy, watching as both his and your cum mixed and pooled beneath your ass. Your legs were still pulled wide open, and the clown shimmied his way down your body to run the flat of his tongue up the crease of your cunt.

He groaned and ate your unconscious body out like a starving man, face wet with drool, semen, and--his favorite--sweet, sweet bitch juice. Pulling away only when your stomach was flat again, the bloat of his cum now in his own belly, Pennywise grinned and crawled up your used and abused form, claiming your mouth in a sloppy, one-sided kiss.

"Rest now, pet." He smirked. "You'll need it."